Hats and Collars
IMPORTANT FOR GIRL WITH Long Neckline

Margery Wells Advises | Wear Blouses That Creep High Under the Chin, Collars That Tightly Button and Have the Further Addition of a Ruffle Under Chin.

By Margery Wells.

IF the length of your neck is pampered and loved while your dresses are in the course of planning, then the results of your efforts will sing out their success to every one you meet.

But a neck that is long cannot be left to take its own way in life regardless. It made itself long in the first place because it wanted to be a conspicuous part of the general scheme of your figure and all of its accoutrements. Therefore your intelligent attention is necessary in order always to keep its line harmonious with the other parts of your dress.

Photos by Joel Fador

A drooping feather is at its best topping the slender lines of a long neck, as the larger photograph shows.

High collars of fur place the girl whose neckline is long in her element.

Now there are many things that the long-necked girl can do with her clothes which are denied to her more usual and sometimes more easily acceptable sisters. The lines of her neck put her into the "stunning" class and if she in any way neglects her brilliant opportunities in that direction, then she has to face the dreadful fate of sinking ignominiously into the category of "lanky" ones. What a fate! And how easily escapable! Though the latter is something which myriads of long-necked girls fail to realize.

Take an original basis of clothes reasoning if you have a long neck. Don't go about moaning: "I am not in a class with the frocks in the stores." Say, rather, "I shall make these dresses suit me. And, if they fail utterly to be coaxed into my class, then I shall design my own clothes and teach others what suitability of dressing really is."

Isn't that a mistake which most of the types of girls are making most of the time? They are trying to fit themselves (call them square pegs) into clothes that are easy to find (call them round holes).

It is the hat which is most important in the clothes consciousness of the long-necked girl. Fancy her with one of those "cutey" little things perched way on the top of her head, with its brim turning toward the sky. it is all wrong!

Now take the hat in the picture, with its feather falling all about the face, bending down in softness of line, to meet the high build of the neck. Then see the swoop of the feather on the right side as it flows along with the neckline and reaches the shoulder in a curving, caressing curl. There is art about that, and beauty. And the feel of it, on the girl whose neckline it suits, is something that raises her estimation of herself to the extent of making her feel kindly to all humanity.

With a flattering plume like this one in the picture, any long neck can then afford to have a plain line about the throat. Possibly without the featheriness it could not attempt the flatness of material as the dress reaches the throat, but certainly when the feather is there, only charm comes out of its combination with a flatness of dress construction at that point. It is all a matter of what things you combine to make a picture of your own head. Not any one thing is right, nor any one thing wrong, but certain combinations of lines are positively thrilling in the effect that they, together, create.

Of course, you with a long neck must be more studied in your dressing than the girl whose neckline does not claim to be conspicuous in any way. Naturally this is so, because the very line of the neck's curve sets the standard. It is a studied thing in itself and you have a duty to take account of it.

Earrings are beautiful on the girl whose neckline is long. Earrings accentuate this salient characteristic of hers without adorning it too greatly. In other words she has the wherewithal to carry off the decoration so that it becomes a part of the scheme of her expression without ever giving the effect of being in the least bit resonant of "ginger bread."

The girl in the picture who wears the drooping hat has a big, round earring to help out the pattern of her head dress. This is good, but long earrings are even more stunning. You see there is space enough there to set them off, to make them appear as merely an adornment rather than something that fills up all of the surrounding area, leaving no breathing space.

Then there are the high collars. They are never common because only so few of the girls are capable of wearing them well. But they are always smart if they are done in the right manner.

There is the fur collar in the picture wrapped high under the ears of a girl whose neck is long enough to stand the sometimes trying line. How well she looks and how natural it seems for the collar to sweep over the lower line of her mouth—all because her neck is long enough to stand it. Haven't you seen those girls who attempt these high collars when the very construction of their anatomy pushes the fur into a tight wad under their chins? Now that is anything but beautiful. And, moreover, it should not be done. The fashion should be left for the long-necked girl to display as only she can do it.

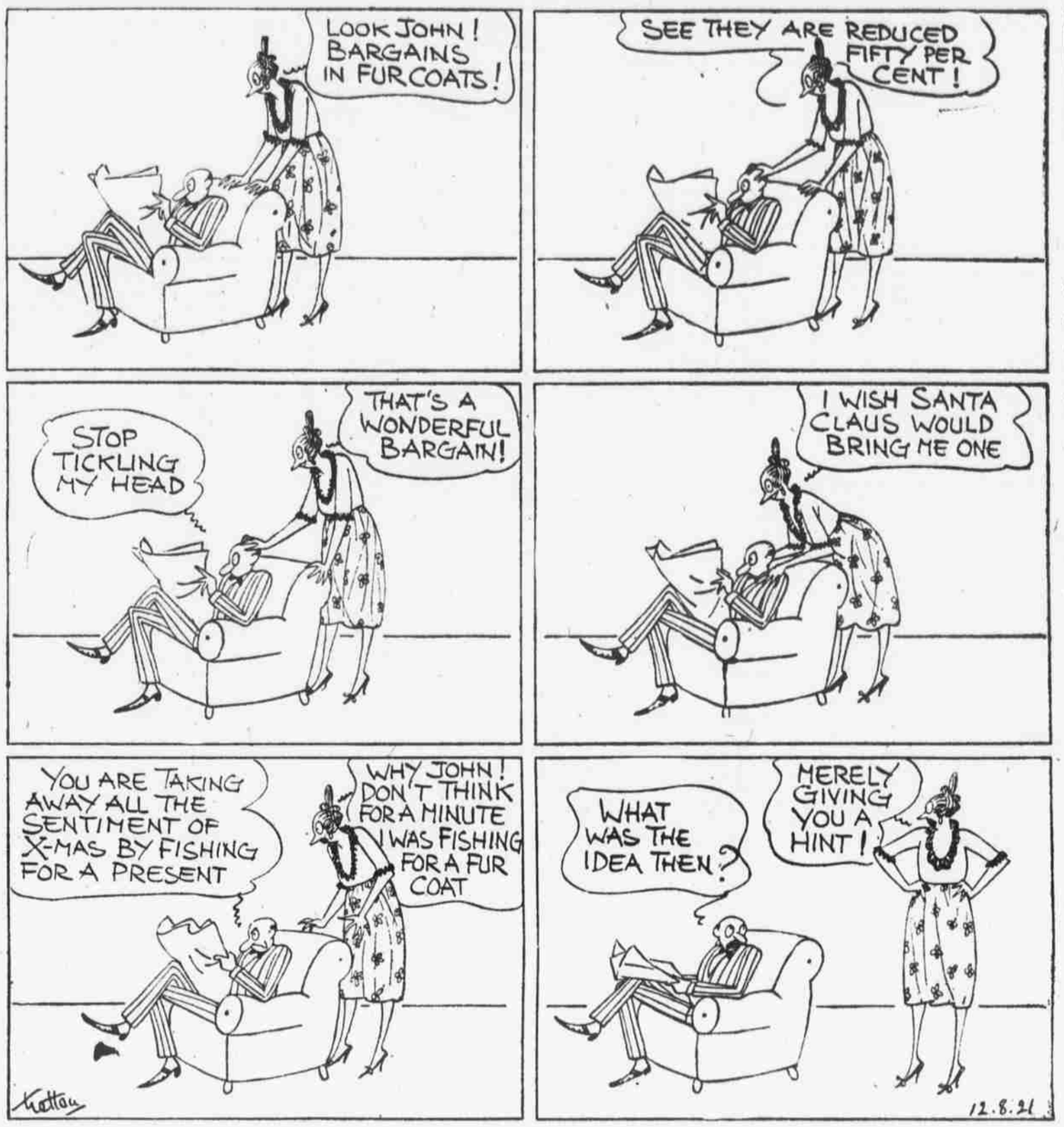
All sorts of high collars—not alone fur—are meant by special and Divine right for the girl whose neck is long. She can wear those tightly buttoning affairs that have the further addition of a ruffle under the chin. And while her short-necked contemporaries cleave to the blouses for everyday and sports wear that are low in front, she can wear those that creep high under her chin. Thereby she makes of herself an individual entity, makes of herself an individual entity, she carries out her own expression to the fullest extent, and she stands out as one who does not have to stoop to follow the very ordinary dictates of style standards.

If your neck is long it is so much in your favor. But just by itself it means nothing. It has to be considered as the leading feature of your whole physical make-up. And oh, the joy of having them notice you and say, "How beautiful the line of your neck is!" You can think, "Well, it wouldn't be beautiful if I didn't treat it well." But that sentence you must never speak.

DAILY MAGAZINE

Can You Beat It!

By Maurice Ketten



Fables for the Fair
Families

MORAL—A Woman's Family Deplores Her, or Ignores Her, or Manages to Do Both at Once.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

FAMILIES probably are a discipline,
A combined cold shower and setting-up drill for the soul.
I can't think of any other reason for their existence.
To escape them
Man invented business, golf and war,
And, after centuries of training, has reached the point to-day
Where he is able not only to escape physically from his family
But also to tuck it into a mental corner closet,
And blissfully forget it, for long hours at a stretch.
Women, poor dears, are not so lucky!
The family haunts them from the cradle to the grave,
Casting a shadow on their joys,
Chastening their sense of achievement,
Criticising their clothes, love affairs, work, ideas, ambitions,
Whispering about them!
So far as women are concerned,
The family is expert on "viewing with alarm"; but weak on "pointing with pride."
A prophet is not without honor save in his own country,
Or a woman without praise—save in her own FAMILY!
It deplores her,
Or IGNORES her,
Or manages to do both at once.
From sixteen to sixty, the clothes she wears and the way she wears 'em
Are the subject of a continuous family "probe."
"Nice girls," says her mother, "don't roll their stockings,
Or park their corsets at dances.
I can't imagine where you get such ideas!"
"I should think you'd freeze in that little, light coat," observes her husband.
"And your pink dinner dress is cut so low I'm ashamed to go out with you."
"What makes you buy a red hat, mother?"
(Thus chides the daughter of the house)—
"Isn't it pretty gay for a Woman of Your Age?"
(Oh, whatever else she wears, the woman with a critical family
Never lacks the shirt of Nessus for her soul!)
Suppose, moreover, that she is modern enough to have a Job,
With a real salary, and even some real distinction attached to it—
Distinction, that is, except in the eyes of her family!
To this group her work is a cross between a personal fad and a domestic scandal—
Something to dismiss with, at best, a tolerant smile—
At worst, a wince of distaste.
Little boys go around bragging that "my father's a lawyer"—or a doctor—or a manufacturer—
But they never, never were known to show elation because "my mother writes stories"—or sings—or paints magazine covers!
It seems even to annoy a woman's children
That she should aspire to any role other than gingerbread-maker or stocking-darner.
As for her aunts and her cousins,
They tell her how "lucky" she is, when she sells the world her wares—
Presumably because every family prefers to attribute the success of its women to impersonal chance
Rather than to personal talent.
From the family point of view, a woman's guilt is personal—
But not her gifts!
"Whoever would have thought"—so runs the kindly cousinly comment—
"That Mary Louise would write a novel?
"And the Things in It, my dear—I don't see how a Nice Woman could know them.
"I felt so queer when the minister asked me if Our Mary Louise was the author.
"How do you suppose her husband likes it?"
This sort of comment about her books, or looks, or love affairs,
Every woman may expect from her family.
But as for words of praise, pride, or even sympathetic understanding—
"The Rest Is Silence!"

Lucile the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

"SOME men are awful complimenters, ain't they?" asked Lucile the Waitress of the Friendly Patron, as he chased a black speck about in his coffee.

"Has some fellow been flattering you?" he asked.

"Trying to," replied Lucile. "But I don't like it. This fellow I mean is the proprietor of a wink-and-get-it cafe near here. He sells food at his place, but when he wants a square meal he comes here. You know—the food is a subterfudge. Well, anyway, he comes in here this morning and the first thing he says is: 'Lucile, yer an attractive girl.'

"'Yeh,' I says. 'How come that?'

"'Well,' he says, 'you look good in yer white uniform. You got auburn hair and cheeks of beautiful tint.'

"'Better have some of the hash, I says. You see, I'm getting superstitious about that guy.

"'Fetch me hash,' he says, 'but it certainly is the truth that you are a pretty girl.'

"That gets my nanny-goatee and I'm pretty mad. 'Look a'here!' I says. 'I don't like you to talk like that. Cut out the bautifier remarks and you and me will get along fine. Don't you know a lady's looks ain't to be disillusionized? You want to hurt my feelings?'

"He shuts up like a clambake, and I jog out and get his hash. He eats in deep silence, all but supping his coffee. I stay right there in front of him to stop him if he tries to say anything else nice about my beauty. Pretty soon he shovels in the last of the hash, and then whaddye think he states?"

"What?"

"He says: 'Looks like it's going to snow.' Now, wasn't that a simp remark?"

"Wouldn't mention your beauty again, eh?"

Lucile feigned amazement. "My gosh!" she said. "You don't think I was standing there waiting for him to go on complimenting me, do you? What a fool idea!"

Lucile went to the kitchen. On returning she handed the Friendly Patron his check and, smiling, asked:

"Listen, old-timer, how do you like the way I got my hair did up to-day?"

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"IT'S the Cackleberry girls!" cried Mrs. Jarr, for at the first sound of the taxicab stopping with a snort on the street below she had stuck her head out of the window.

"Then I'm off!" said Mr. Jarr as he grasped his hat.

"Wait till they come upstairs!" was Mrs. Jarr's command. "You say you don't like them, and yet you'll be kissing them on the stairs, and that snoopy Mrs. Terwilliger on the floor below will see you and be talking about it all over the neighborhood."

"I'll have to kiss them if they come upstairs, won't I?" Mr. Jarr inquired dolefully.

"Well, don't act as though you don't like to kiss them, no matter what you say," said Mrs. Jarr. "So wait here."

Mr. Jarr waited there and got his personally supervised kisses when the young ladies from Philadelphia came bustling in.

"We've come over to do a little early Christmas shopping," explained Gladys Cackleberry, as Mr. Jarr made his escape. "Maw knows we have some money and if we don't spend it before Christmas she'll be expecting us to buy our own Christmas presents."

"Or take the money from us to buy that loafer of a step-father of ours something. Guess what he wants—a black silk dressing gown. He saw Charlie Ray wearing one as a young millionaire in the movies, and he thinks he looks like him!" This last was the plaint of the acidulous Miss Irene Cackleberry.

"And how is your dear mawy" asked Mrs. Jarr. Not that she cared, but it made talk.

"Oh, she's all right!" said both of the visitors together. "But we can't stand Barney Blodger. He's bought a saxophone, and that's the last straw!" added the elder sister.

"Well, I suppose you are hungry, girls, after being on the train," remarked the hospitable Mrs. Jarr. "As soon as I make you an omelette and you eat something, we will go shopping. I was going anyway. There is a time limit sale at the Big Bargain Bazaar of voile blouses for $2.98, between 10 and 1 to-day. After that they go back to the regular price."

The Misses Cackleberry did not ask what the regular price was, but if they had known that it was $4 each after the bargain hours their ardor would have been unabated.

When the three ladies arrived in style by taxicab, the bargain hunters were all assembled in battle array. Videttes of shopping sharpshooters from the suburbs had deployed as skirmishers. They were awaiting the signal to charge, for it was just a few minutes before 10 o'clock, and the time limit bargains would not be on sale positively till that fateful hour. The household brigades were massed heavily on the left as the flower of the great amazonian army awaiting to fall upon the bargains in phalanxes, as soon as the zero hour to go over the top was marked.

Mr. Floss, the assistant buyer of voiles, glanced at his wrist watch and gave the signal to open the battle; and then the army of a thousand women surged over the trenches and centred on a hundred and forty-four voile shirtwaists, called blouses on such occasions.

"My word!" exclaimed the assistant buyer, "the general manager should be here in person. I am in no condition to undergo this ordeal!" And even as he spoke, Gladys Cackleberry had him pinned against the wall, while Mrs. Jarr and Irene Cackleberry, as shock troops, fell upon the bargains, seizing all they could lay their hands upon right and left, although, as they were to find out, no styles or sizes that they desired were in the sale. But it isn't the victory, it's the battle that makes life worth while!

WHAT Do You? Know

QUESTIONS.

1. What is "Babe" Ruth's Christian name?
2. What is "Jack" Dempsey's right Christian name?
3. Which State has the greater population, Nevada or Wyoming?
4. Which is the larger city, Kansas City, Kan., or Kansas City, Mo.?
5. To what American coin does the Japanese yen correspond in value?
6. What is the only United States Territory in which a marriage license is not required?
7. Who is the only other American besides Roosevelt and Wilson to whom the Nobel Peace Prize has been awarded?
8. What was the name of the America Cup defender against which the Shamrock IV. raced in 1920?
9. From what State is Oscar W. Underwood United States Senator?
10. Which is the only one of New York's great bridges that is not municipally owned?

ANSWERS.

1, George Herman; 2, William Harrison; 3, Wyoming; 4, Kansas City, Mo.; 5, fifty-cent piece; 6, Alaska; 7, Elihu Root; 8, Resolute; 9, Alabama; 10, Hell Gate.

The Heart of a Girl

By Caroline Crawford

Which Man Will Peggy Choose for a Husband?

The story of a typical New York girl, Peggy Dayton, eighteen, who has just entered business as a stenographer. Her heart is divided between two lovers, Billy Bracton, her own age, and Harrison Townley, a well-to-do bachelor, ten years her senior. The office opens new experiences, brings new lovers. Begin reading this story to-day; every instalment a new episode in Peggy's affairs.

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

THAT evening as Peggy rode home from business and Billy Bracton held her arm while he gallantly balanced himself by a strap she was in a gay mood. While she was joking and cutting up with Billy she was thinking of what a wonderful time she would have in that Madison Avenue house. How she would entertain, how she would dress and how good it would be to ride about in a sedan instead of hanging on to subway straps! She rejoiced in her heart that she had accepted Sanford.

When Billy Bracton proposed she had put him off on the plea that they remain pals and only become engaged just a few months before marriage. When Harrison Townley proposed he had given her time to look into her own heart and decide things for herself; but when Sanford proposed in his more or less matter-of-fact business manner she had been keen enough and sane enough to answer then and there.

After all, she did know her own heart when the right man came along.

But did she? Things on a flying subway look very different from things in the stilly hours of the night. Peggy had not mentioned John Sanford's proposal to her parents. She wanted to surprise them, to literally take them off their feet. He had said he would call to-morrow evening. She wanted him to tell his own story, to watch the expression on their faces.

Now, as she lay in bed and heard the clock strike twelve, one, two, three, things began to look very different. She could picture herself in that big, brownstone Madison Avenue house day after day, sitting up trying to entertain Sanford's mother. What if she did have a fur coat in the wardrobe or wear a flashy diamond upon her finger or ride about in a sedan. Would she be happy?

What about her heart? Did she love John Sanford? Could she understand a man of forty-five, a man old enough to be her father? Admiring a man in an office because he was a kind employer, because he was, although much older, her ideal type of Sir Launcelot, did not mean that she could be content and happy married to him.

If she married John Sanford and went to live in the big house on Madison Avenue she must give up Billy Bracton, Harrison Townley and business life. Could she do this?

Peggy scrambled to her feet, pushed on the electric button, slipped into a flame-colored dressing sacque and began to write at her desk.

"Dear Mr. Sanford," she scribbled in a slanting, loose hand, "I am writing this at three-thirty. When I said I cared for you, in response to your query, I meant every word I said. I do care for you and admire you. From the day I first met you I admired you as an ideal type of man, but this is not love. I am a girl at heart. Yes, I am really a flapper. I will not be ready to marry and make a sensible wife until I am at least twenty-one.

"You are sincere, earnest in your offer of marriage to me. I could not possibly be the type of girl you think I am. I am not like your fiancee whom you lost. This is a different age, and I am typically of that age. I like to dance, I like to be free, I don't want to marry any one just yet. I love adventure and I can't shut the door to that side of my life.

"To-morrow I am going to seek a new position. I am tired of business life at the bank. I could have worked there happily with you as my employer, but when Mr. Richardson comes back I know I should never be happy. I am glad I knew my own heart before you spoke to my parents. You will be happier without me, and, although young, I am old enough to realize this. Please remember that I admire you.

"PEGGY DAYTON."

In another moment the light was switched off and a very tired Peggy closed her eyes to sleep the sleep of the just.

To-morrow—New Experiences.

Adenoids in Infancy

By Charlotte C. West, M. D.

PERHAPS the most common of all conditions in children that interfere seriously with health are troubles of the nose and throat.

The mother who lovingly presses her baby to her breast while in the act of nursing, thus interfering with its breathing, does not realize that she may be laying the foundation for future distress to her child that may affect it throughout its entire life.

As every one is aware, in an infant nasal passages are extremely small. The glands at the back of the nose and in the throat are large, and the least thing that interferes with the intake and output of air through these narrow passages affects the general health and more particularly the condition of these glands.

Do adenoids ever exist at birth? It is believed so, and of course the infant cannot nurse. The mother is then very apt to misunderstand the cause, frequently attributing it to herself; the quality of her milk is condemned, as the child gives every evidence of being undernourished. Unless a baby nurses abundantly and with a relish inspection of the throat and back part of the nose must not be delayed. Nature has provided a large supply of glands in this location at birth because little children are peculiarly susceptible to air-borne diseases. That is, the infectious diseases of childhood (measles, chickenpox, &c.). These glands are then nature's sentinels that guard the passageway to the lungs and blood and protect the body against the invasion of those infectious diseases to which the tender bodies of little children are so liable to succumb.

But anything that interferes with nose breathing during early life causes these glands to take on an additional growth, and in time large masses of them may be formed, completely stopping up the air passages at the back of the nose, so that breathing through the nose is not only extremely difficult and only partially performed, but in some cases is absolutely impossible, and mouth breathing, not only while asleep and during the night, but all the time becomes the rule.

Who has not noticed such a child, with its mouth hanging open, the lower lip usually enlarged, the nostrils pinched together with scarcely any opening, the bridge of the nose unformed, the mouth long and narrow, with overlapping teeth, the whole face wearing a dull expression and the general manner listless and preoccupied?